

The GREAT BIRTH of
MAN.

Or, The Excellency of
Man's Creation and Endowments

Above the Original of

W O M A N.
A Poem.

The Second Edition.

By M. S.

Licensed, August 7. 1686.

Roger L'Estrange

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. M. and Sold by John Taylor at the
in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1686.

The Great Britain

M. A. N.

O. The Library of

Man's Condition and Improvement

How the Church is

W O M A N

A Poem

The Great Britain

By M. A.

London

Printed for J. M. and sold by John Taylor at the Old
in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1833.

To the Reader.

Reader,

I Do not conceal my Name for fear of Criticks, for I have known so few of them good Poets, that I have no Cause to envy them, much less will their Snarling anger me, for I ever esteem'd that below my Anger, that was below my Envy. Nor is it that I think I have displeas'd the Female Sex, for the Prudent will own our Birth superior to theirs, what seems Satyrical on them at the latter End, is only what we may suppose Adam had cause to say from the Treach'ry of Eve: But the true Reason of concealing my self, is, That my Book was importun'd into the World before I had brought it to that Perfection which a second Review might have done. Nor thought I fit to expose my Friends Names (who honour me with their Compliments at the Beginning) to that which I was not willing to be seen in my self; Therefore, Reader, judge of it according to thy Skill in Poetry, and the Ingeniuty of thy Temper: But if thou wilt not prefer it to thy Friends, or encourage it Abroad, Know, I do not value my Self by the Sale of it, to the World, since a Bunyan may have more Editions than a Cowley.

To my Friend on his Poem.

A Rise, my Muse, and take thy Lyre,
Whil'st thou art warmed with his Fire;
Catching the Notions which do throng
About his pow'ful, charming Tongue:
And sing his worth in his own Phrase,
For thine are all below his Praise.

Thy Lines, like Lovers Sighs, are soft,
Yet soar, with gilded wings, aloft!
A Majesty they bare Divine,
And Glory's in each Sentence shine.

When on your Verse I think, and You,
I bid the VVorld, awhile, Adieu;
For to Celestial Joys, I'm caught,
And Pleasures much too big for Thought.
So full and crowded is your Brain,
Without one Line, or VVord in vain;
That it requires a nimble Flight,
To think as fast, as you can write.
But Friendship Flatt'ry denies,
And Virtue Parasites defies;
Then lest the World may think I raise,
(Who know you not) a flatt'ring Praise,
Ple force my Muse to stop her Rime,
And think, where speaking is a Crime.

R. C.

To his worthy Friend Mr. M. S.
upon his Poem.

SIR, when your Verse and lofty Style I meet,
Numbers so great, and Concord heav'nly sweet;
Ravisht I am, the very Man you name,
What Passion e're you write, I feel the same.
And when of heav'nly Joys you write, I'd swear,
That all the while you wrote, your Self was there:
But when of those i'th' curst Abodes do dwell,
Pardon, my Friend, I thought you was in Hell:
So Dismally those Hellish Flames you paint,
Enough to bring a Trembling on a Saint.
When Blood'intents you write, you make me start,
And think I see a Dagger at my Heart.
But when with softer charming Language, You
Fall like the heav'nly Manna, or the Dew.
If Eve's Temptations in such Pow'rs, did dwell?
I cannot (Grandfire) think it strange you fell;
Nor could an Angel, almost, keep his Sphere,
And such a charming beautiful Creature hear.
In brief, You make the Reader what you please,
Torment him as you will, or give him Ease:
You swallow up his Soul, and Senses quite,
Whil'st he has pow'r to act but as you write.

R. L. of *Lincolns-Inn.*

To the AUTHOR.

SIR, when your Noble Verse I read,
Upon the Starry Heav'ns I tread,
And Suns do shine about my Head.

They're Polish'd all, so Fair, and Bright,
Full of such Vigor, Heat, and Light,
All mixing Profit with Delight.

Sir like your Charming Self, they be,
Such Sweetness mixt with Majesty,
So full of sparkish Gayety.

That Heav'n did never yet Bestow,
Its Gifts more plentifully below,
On any Minion than on you.

But since your Book conceals your Name,
If those Endowments I proclaim,
The World will know at whom I aim.

F. D.

To Mr. M. S.

Should I pretend to sing your Praise,
It would more debase your Style, then Raise;
And with my Nonsense, all the world Amaze.
No Helicon does me Inspire,
He only warm me at your Fire;
And since I can't Praise, (stand still and admire.
T. R. of Grays Inn.

To his Friend Mr. M. S.

MY Friend, I'll not pretend the least your Praise,
Or any Monumental Trophys Raise;
The best Encomiums I could Sing, would be
Inferior much, both to thy Style, and Thee:
~~I'll ask thine Enemies what they can say,~~
And their Obscurity will Blaze thy Day:
Their blackest Envy, make The Brighter far,
Than Sable Night, can make a Glitt'ring Star.
And when the Influence of their Envy's spent,
They shall Confess Thee, a Pure Ornament:
Acknowledge Thee in every thing Compleat,
An Humble Mind, with Actions Nobly Great.

E H T

T. S.

To Mr. M. S.

OF all things, Sir, I hate a Parasite,
Nor think it is t'advance your Book I write;
Or bring the least pretended Praise, to show
That your Illustrious Fame to Me you owe.
No: 'Tis Self-Int'rest drives me on, for I
Know those that live with you must never Dye;
My Ends I seek, not yours, when these I give,
'Cause in your Deathless Poems I would ever Live.

J. L.

THE

A greater Mission to the Deity.
 Grapple of Reprieve, when it must be
 Having Fallen Once, Danc'd to Eternity.

The GREAT BIRTH of
 MAN.

Or, The Excellency of
 Man's Creation and Endowments
 Above the Original of

WOMAN.

When from profound Abyss of endless Thought,
 (Which all things always to Perfection brought)
 Man (the great Object of Omnipotence,
 A Soul inform'd with the Divineſt Sence,
 Made like a God, both Masculine, and Brave,
 Design'd the Empire of the VWorld to have :)
 VVas Form'd : the Univerſe ſtrait Bow'd, to ſhow
 Th' Obedience to this God on Earth they ow'd.
 Th' admiring Angels triumph'd with loud Aims,
 To ſee a Shape Divine, join'd to a Soul like theirs :
 Which B A greater

A greater Minion to the Deity,
Capable of Reprieve, when they must be
Having Fallen Once, Damn'd to Eternity.

THE GREAT BIRTH OF

Thus did this Blissful Creature ev'rywhere,
Wank with Respect, through the perfum'd Air:
Whil'st all the Creatures, humble Subjects were,
The Groves Sweet Quiristers with warbling Throats,
Echo Man's Glory, in graphick Notes,
The Gen'rous Lyons, and the Gentle Fauns,
The Wolves, and Lambs upon the Verdant Lawns,
All Birds, which in the Aiery Main do fly,
And Fish, which nimbly cut the liquid Sky,
Join Sports so fine their Monarch to divert:
As if their Natures were advanc'd by Art.
The Fields with Flora's Pride all cover'd were,
The Trees, Fruit-like, the Golden Ore did bear.
The Tune-full Wind his ravish'd Spirits cheers,
Joins joyful Confort, to th' harmonious Spheres.
All Nature filled with adorable Pride,
In ignorant love; and thousand Joys beside,
Whil'st his Son unchausted Blist Delights,
Drinks down large Bottles of Pleasures Days and Nights.
Years hand in hand, with comely pace advanced,
Nor pass they on, but in a measure dance
Return again, for in Heav'n's mighty Row,
His Youth's designed Immortal as his Shout
The lofty Subject of his following Days,
Was to exult th' Eternal Being's praise

A greater

B

Which

Which he perform'd with such a Pride, and Fear,
As did become a Soul so great, and such a God to hear.

The mighty Thund'ring, from his lofty Throne,
Beheld the whole Creation, but found none,
So great an Object of his Love, nor this
Extract of Forms, Heir to Celestial Bliss,
And said: *Man saw the Form, and though not perfect*

We Miriads have of Cherubins attend
Our spacious Throne, on ev'ry Ear and send
Legions of Angels, but Man hath not yet
Attendants, which his mighty Birth do fit:
We'll make a Creature, but we'll not create
Since Man consummates all th' intents of Fate:
And were the Birth like his, the growing Pride
Which still attends the Baser, would denude
His Sov'rain Sway, and that Priority
Which always shews the Rights of Majesty:
Yet higher than other Creatures, whom we call
Woman, a Copy from th' Original.

Strait Adam sleeps, a well-spar'd Rib is wrought
Into a Creature, ne're till now in thought.
Thus was her Birth inferior much to now,
What great Submissiō to her Lord she'd owe.
His was a pure Creation, hers alone
Species transform'd, a Woman from a Bone.
He's born immediately of God, her Birth
Is but from him, a little of his Earth:

Her Elements and Substance from him, He
 Had all his Substance of the Deity:
 Let us make Man (said God) and summon'd all
 The mighty Powers which attend his Call: T
 But She, till all was perfect, was not known,
 Made an Attendant, to Man's spacious Throne.

Man saw the Form, and though not perfect made
 Like his, yet Speech, and Reason had, and said:

Since you our other Creatures do surmount,
 VVe'lle trust You Steward of Our great Account:
 Tell you the Secrets of our Heart, and know
 Of all the Trees, which in our Garden grow,
 VVith Freedom taste, but that I th' Middle Bands,
 Taste not, nor Touch, tis God's and our Commands.
 The rest for Food, and Pleasure are more fit,
 A certain Death about this Tree does sit.
 He spake, She bow'd, and with Submission said,
 My Sov'rain, your just Pleasure is obey'd;
 They part, Man to extoll th' Eternal Love,
 And She to view the Pleasures of the Grove.

But thinks and wonders what this Fruit may be,
 Longing to see this strange Forbidden Tree:
 I see no Fruit but what's Divinely Fais,
 Fit for such Trees, th' Almighty plants to bare:
 But where's this dismal Tree, this fatal Fruit,
 That ugly Death should lurk about the Root.

I am forbidden, therefore long to know,
 O that some unknown Pow'r, would quickly show,
 Free from Man's Sight, I'd fear not Death's poor strife,
 My Face, and Features should secure my Life!

There is a Place beneath the Solid Earth,
 Lower than where the Min'rals have their birth:
 Beneath deep Caverns, hid from Titan's Eye,
 Where fierce *Eolian* Tyrants, Chained lye:
 Beneath the silent Chambers of the Dead,
 And deepest Gaves, where cruel Satyrs Tread:
 Beneath th Originals of deepest Fountains,
 Beneath the Sea's large Floor, and Roots of Mountains:
 It is the Palace, and the Curst Abodes,
 Of *Lucifer*, and all th' Infernal Gods:
 Banisht for Towing Pride, Celestial Thrones,
 And Damn'd to Tortures, and Eternal Groans,
 With scorching Pangs, through fiery Darkness, they
 Roul, and BlaspHEME the smallest glympse of Day:
 Screechings, and Howls are all the Musick there,
 Groans too severe for Flesh and Blood to bare:
 With startling Horror, Crown'd, and mad Despair,
 Strong sulph'rous Stenches, with their banifome Smell,
 Enough to make the purest Air a Hell,
 Hot scalding Rivers, fill'd with liquid Fire:
 And Souls to suffer, which can ne'r Exire,
 Then are they plung'd in Snow and Ice all o're,
 Reeking with Heat, and sweating Drops of Gore:

With brightly Birds, and pretty Lambs would play:
 Thee

I am forbidden, therefore long to know
 O that some unknown Power
 The Grand Usurper of Angelick Race
 By Birth, but now without one Mark of Grace;
 The Empire of these Regions ever held,
 My Face, and I know not how to know
 Since he against the only Great Rebell'd.
 With vast expanded Pride, He and the Rest,
 There is a Power beneath the Throne
 Dare the Immortals Thunders Throne molest;
 Lower than the Earth, and higher than the Heavens
 Attempting Sov'raignty, and scorn'd their Obedience
 Where here he sits, and there he sits
 All would be Friends, if all could not be Gods.
 Beneath the Throne of the Great God
 Heav'n's angry Monarch, with dread Thunder Hurld
 Beneath the Throne of the Great God
 These desperate Fiends, into th' Infernal World:
 Beneath the Throne of the Great God
 Since which, they envy those lost Thrones, and try
 Beneath the Throne of the Great God
 To Damn the rest, by curst Treachery.

Of Lucifer, and the World Above,
 And found the Object of Eternal Love;
 Banish'd for Towing the Chain of Love
 Brave Generous Man, but knew it was in vain,
 And Damsel of Love, and the Chain of Love
 To tempt his Constancy, his Wiles Brain,
 With leeching words, and the Chain of Love
 Would teach each black Design, with prying Eyes,
 Roul'd and Blinded the Chain of Love
 Find the most deep Intrigue, through each Disguise.
 Strong too to love, and the Chain of Love
 His Sacrifices, whilst his Heart ne'er stray'd,
 With fastidious, and the Chain of Love
 With Blest Acceptance, every day he pray'd;
 Strong to love, and the Chain of Love
 Gladly receiv'd what ere his Maker taught,
 Enough to love, and the Chain of Love
 Nor would Transgress so much as in his Thought.

And so she loved, and the Chain of Love
 But when he'd a Woman found, he soon did love
 Then are they found, and the Chain of Love
 Her Lustful Heart, and Longings of her Eye,
 Reeking with Lust, and the Chain of Love
 Her Liquidum Palate, loving what was Gay,
 With sprightly Birds, and pretty Lambs would Play:

Seek

Seek fragrant Smells, and then she'd fall in Love;
 With her own Face, whilst in some shady Grove,
 Making a Mirror of a Mountain, where
 Sh'd kiss her Shade, and curl her Silver Hair.
 Longing for things Forbid, nor ill be deny'd;
 And what most pleas'd the Fiend, She was all Pride.

Said He, this easie softness never can
 Withstand Temptations, like more solid Man.

A Serpents Form he took, the Comest shape
 Heav'n suffer'd, that it might prevent a Rape;
 Heav'n knew that Beauty easily would Charm,
 This hid'ous Monster might Her Soul Alarm.

The Fiend blasphem'd to have a shape so foul;
 Seeing his ugly Carcass after Roul:

My Plots (said he) are Damnd, but Hold, Ile Try,
 'Tis Woman, Foolish VWoman, the shall Dye.

Strait leaves these loathsome Regions, to repair
 To Paradise, and breath the vernal Air;
 The Garden enters, all the Place looks sad;
 Birds fall down Dead before him, Beasts run mad;
 Th' Earth where he roul'd, all scorcht, and poison'd seems,
 And sulph'rous Vapours belches out in streams.
 His Eyes are Flames, his Jaws look black and pale;
 And in Huge Circles, drags his Thundering Tail.
 The VWoman started at a Shape so Foul;
 Her Body for a while, dismiss her Soul.

When it return'd, said She, *What Monstrous Birth,*
 Art thou that comest to Pollute the Earth?
 From what Black Shades? *With that his dismal Jawes*
 Divide, and from his Trunk a horrid noise:
 I'm come, said he, to ease your Longing Eyes,
 To shew the Tree, where all Perfection Lyes.
 The Tree Forbid. *O where?* said She: *Serp. Behold?*
 The Tree in the midst, which shines like beech Cold.

Wom. Is that the Tree which looks so Lovely? Where,
 Pale Death lies couchant, Poysons Center'd are?
 My greedy Eyes did long to See, but more
 I Long to Taste, than did to See before.
 Oh how it Tempts? But Ah my Destiny!
 I must not Taste the Fruit, for fear I Dye.

Serp. Dye? Aye you will, a most delicious Death,
 Dye? so's to double ev'ry blast of Breath.
 You'll more Immortal be by Eating This;
 Quenching your Appetite with Rapes of Bliss.
 Quaff with large Gulls, the Silence of Delight:
 And be more Heavenly Fair, more Heavenly Bright.
 Your present Form, you will Excel, as Far
 As Heav'n's Illustrious Lamp, a little Star.
 You'll leave dull Earth, for a Celestial Throne:
 And Reign of Heav'n the Glorious Queen alone.
 Perfumes more Fragrant hourly, than the East
 In Thousand years can give, you'll Smell and Taste
 Rich Nectar from full Clusters, all Divine,
 Of Grapes, which in the Heavenly Vineyard Shine.

Play

Play with the *Phenix*, and such Birds as are
 Plum'd with the Rainbows Colours, but more fair.
 Imbroider'd Fields, Groves Damask'd with bright Beams,
 Banks all Enamel'd, and transparent Streams,
 Your Trains will drag with thousand Stars, while they
 VWho'le bear them up, are Angels bright as day.
 Taste ev'ry Rapture of the Joys Above,
 And Tall, Bright Gods, will make Immortal Loys,
 Th' Injoyment of that Love will: *Wom.* O forbear,
 My Soul as yet's not big enough to hear:
 Tho' too large for its Prison it does appear.
 Methinks I'm mounted on th' Imperial Seat,
 And Crowns and Scepters play about my Feet.
 And now I tread the spangled Milky way,
 And bring where ere I come, Illustrious Day.
 Cherubins curl my Golden Locks, whilst I
 Command Attendants, with my sparkling Eye.
 Beauty enjoy to that height of Excels,
 As Gods can give, for I'll accept no less.
 Alas! Poor *Adam*, now I shall be more
 Your Sovrain, than you was mine before.
 Your narrow Soul, like mine, durst not Aspire,
 Nor is't compos'd of such a Noble Fire.
 I wisely at the first, begin to know:
 My younger days, a riper Judgement shew;
 And what my future, swelling Joys excell;
 I ever shall be young, and ever thus shall Dwell,
 Dig on, Poor Man, nor shall you know our Ode,
 VVe'l keep our distance, like our Fellow Gods.

This sad, She clim'd the Tree, more swift than Thought,
 And down the fairest, largest Apple brought:
 Eats it with greediness, when soon, Alas!
 Away these Gilded, Airy Visions, pass.
 Her Eyes are open'd, finds Her self undone,
 Sees Her Immortal Thread, is almost spun.
 Ah Fool! What Happiness thou'st lost for Toys,
 What solid Good, for visionary Joys?
 T' affront that God, which made Thee of a Bone,
 For such a Worm, to Crawl upon his Throne.
 My Beauty's blasted, all my Honor's fled,
 My Glory's gone, my ambitious Spirit's Dead.
 O! whither shall I fly, where seek for Aid,
 What sad retreat, more dark than Hell's black shade?
 Will cover my vile Soul? that Heav'n mayn't find
 A Body curst, with such a wretched Mind
 Sharp thrilling Terrors, pierce my wounded Soul
 Mountains of Sorrow's on my Spirits' roul.
 My Heart with Anguish bursts, my Head with Cares,
 I'm rackt with Horrors, Plung'd in deep despair.
 Undone, Forlorn, Forsaken, and Accurst:
 Come, Fiends assist me, now I'll do the worst
 Hell can inspire me with, To Man I'll goe,
 And for a while dissemble all my woe.
 He's Innocent yet; my treach'rous Tongue shall try
 To make him equal in the Villany.
 Nay, all Hell's Pow'rs I challenge to design,
 A Plot so Black, so Base, so Damn'd as mine.

Fle

He Gild each poison'd Pill, till He's Took All,
Then laugh to see him Partners in the Fall.

Now crack ye Poles, unhinge ye Heav'ns, and shake
Ye mighty Arches, let the whole World quake:
In Sable Clouds, stand still O Sun, and Mourn;
Let Mountains from their Roots, with Storms be torn.
The Ocean with its weighty Billows Roar,
Tumbling in heaps upon the groaning Shoar,
To see a Prodigy, so vilely great,
Baffles the Bloodst Birth of Pregnant Fate.
A Crime, that Hell it self, might blush to own;
A Crime till now, amongst the Damnd not known,
That One should ruine a whole World, and bring
Curses on All, and Death's severest sting.
That Woman, when through Lust and Pride she'd lost
All that could Comfort and Enjoyment boast;
Rather than to repent her Sin, should try
T'undo Man too, by'er Hellish Treachery.
Curse all Her Offspring, Nay to act a Deed,
Which after, made the God of Nature Bleed.

Prepare now Adam, Hell and Earth design
Thy Sacrifice, and Pray to countermine;
Thy Soul is wrapt in Sacred Impedment,
Guilty of no Ambition, nor Pretence;
To any's Interest, but thy Makers, while
In Blest Returns, the Gracious Heav'ns do smile.

Thou seest the Honors of Submission; where
Angels themselves are proud to have a share.

Hatest the foul Contragion of a Thought,
Which mayn't be to bright Virtues Touchstone brought.

To add a Comfort to thy following Days,
Thy God hath made a Helper, which may raise:

Thy bright Devotion, a free Agent, who
Hath Pow'r to be as Innocent as you:

What mighty Transports of refreshing Joy,
Dost thou expect, Poor Man, from this frail Toy.

Mistaken Adam, She's Lost all, Undone
Betwixt a Morning and an Ev'ning Sun.

Her treach'rous M'lice too, hath blackned more
Her Soul, than Hell, and Lust, and Pride before.

A Cup of Poison charged to the brim,
She's now preparing, though above may swim

Fair Gilded Bubbles, Glorious, Bright and Gay,
A Pleasant Prologue, to a Tragick Play.

Her Looks She pleasantly composes, while
Her Rosie Cheeks are dimpled to a Smile.

Her Beaut'ous Hair, with Careless Artful Pride
Is loosely spread, and all her Charms beside,

Most vig'rous made, assault Man's Thoughtless Heart
Fearing no Hurt, from Guilt of no Ill Art.

Her Tongue, that Magazine of Danger, where
Base Murders, Treach'rous Falshoods, Amb'rodars,

Is smoothly Oil'd, that charming cursed Cheat,
Peculiar to the Sex, must do the Deed.

O gilded Sepulcher ! O fair Outside !
VVhat Sin and Rottenness within dost hide.

Thus with like haste She flies, to Man, or more,
Than when She climb'd the fatal Tree before.
And said :

My dearest Master, what Varieties
Of pleasant Objects, bless our wand'ring Eyes ?
VVhat heaps of Blessings, ev'ry where we see,
Gifts of a good, and bounteous Deity ?
Mellifluous Groves, such pleasant Fruit do bare,
And Blossoms, which perfume the wanton Air.
Rich Plains, with fragrant Flowers, and painted Pride,
Bright Streams, with thousand Pleasures more beside.
The humble Flocks and Herds with wonder view
Their glorious Sov'rain, which, Sweet Sir, is You.

Adam. 'Tis true, we find the great Effects each where
Of our great Master's fervent Love and Care:
VVhat ravish'd Hallelujahs should we sing,
To be such Subjects of so good a King ?

Eve. And all so Loyally do kiss your Shrine,
As if they all had Souls; inform'd like mine,
VVhich is s'intirely yours, without all Art,
VVho'd rip out Duty, must rip up my Heart.

Adam. VVhen I alone dwell on the spacious Earth,
Before your beautiful Innocence had Birth:
I was all Happiness; but now have more
From your sweet Love, than all before.

Eve. Your ducous Carriage to your mighty Lord,
Does me so rich a Precedent afford,
My Heart may Bears and cruel Monsters tear,
VVhen *Adam*, dearest *Adam*, is not there.
Nay more, then what a greater Curse can't be,
Soul of my Life, may'st thou ne're think on me.

Adam. My days thus Spent in innocent delight,
Ye Heav'ns, what Joys you bless me with at Night.

Eve. But if such Pleasure here we have in Love,
VVhat mighty Raptures they enjoy above?
If Earthly Paradiſe ſo pleaſant is,
Then what an Extaſy is Heav'nly Blifs?

Adam. As when ſome Mountain, on a Cottage rouls,
So would thoſe Pleaſures overwhelm our Souls.
VVe are not capable to think, much leſs
To taſte Enjoyment of ſo vaſt Exceſs.
'Tis Happineſs enough, for us to know
The joyful Bleſſings we receive below.

Eve. Laſt Ev'ning when the Hills long ſhadows caſt,
The Air reſreſht with now, and then a Blaſt;
In the cool ſhades, on flow'ry Graſs I lay,
To ſee the Kids and Lambs together play:
Soon by the gentle murmurings of the Streams,
I fell aſleep, and had theſe pleaſant Dreams.
Mothoughts I'd VVings, and flew above the Clouds,
Met glor'ous Angels in tranſparent ſhrouds:

Said

Said they, what Ign'rance makes you thus disgrace
 The Constitution of your God-like Race
 Your Birth is Noble, though th'Improvement Base
 What clogs your Soul? 'tis Elemental Fire,
 Give it but Leave, like Ours, it will aspire.

I wak'd, and though I found it but a Dream,
 Methoughts the Subject was a pleasant Theme
 And shew our Souls related were to theiss,
 ('If suffer'd to enlarge') above the Spheres.

Adam. *Eve*, you mistake the Cause, that Transport is
 Only the sweet Effects of present Bliss.

Eve. Not so, my Lord, for soon the Truth I knew,
 The Dreams, like Oracles, I did pursue
 And bring thee joyful News, will make you more
 Above your Self, than 'bove the Beasts before.

Adam. With what glad Tydings do'st my Soul surprize,
 Did God accept my morning Sacrifice?
 Indeed the VVind my Incense seem'd to bare,
 VVith swelling Streams, through the perfum'd Air,
 The Sky serene, all happy Omens, while
 The Heav'ns, to shew Acceptance, seem'd to smile.

Eve. Better: Thou shalt no more i'th' Garden lurk,
 To dig the Ground [*Adam*] hath God found other work:
 Whate're his Pleasure is, my Soul's resign'd,
 T' observe the Dictates of his blessed Mind.

Eve. Nor that: Thou know'st a fatal Tree there is,
 Not to be Touched, without the loss of Bliss.

Adam. 'Tis true: [*Eve*] But hath not God made all things
 'Tis Nought if useles, sure't must be for Food:

If so, the Fallen Angels never can
 Enter a Place so Sacred made to Man.
 Then it must be the blessed Angels Meat,
 Such as the glorious Cherubins do eat.

Adam. No *Eve*, 'tis Poyson, deadly Poyson, where
 Death, and all other Evils harbor'd are.
 And were it not a certain Evil, He
 Who gave so large, would ne're deny a Tree.

Eve. Why did not He, whose Love's to Man so pure,
 This evil Tree by fenced Walls secure?
 That Man might not be Tempted, when it might
 As easily been Planted, out of sight.

Adam. He's planted Walls, his strict Commands, those
 To the Obedient, are the strongest Tow'rs.

Eve. An Evil must defective be; He said,
 He saw his Works, and saw all Perfect made.

Adam. The like Perfection may be in this Tree,
 The Crime may onely Disobedience be:
 And, this excepted, He forbids us None;

Sure for a Thousand, we may give Him One.

Eve. I rather think, when God had made the Soul,
 To try if any Threatnings would controul
 So great a Being, Gen'rous, Free, and Brave,
 How like it self, it self it would behave.
 Thus try'd his Boldness, to see how refin'd,
 From his gross Body, was his God-like Mind.
 Say should I try? [*Adam*] Let not a Thought so foul,
 For thousand Worlds, Immaculate your Soul.

Eve.

Eve. Why *Adam*, What were you the worse for this?
If I Fall, 'twill but more confirm your Bliss;
But Fall I can't, Heav'n never hath design'd,
A Fault so small, the Ruine of Mankind.
Who such a Noble Work, as Man, begun,
Won't for One Apple, see him quite undone.

Adam. We must not in his secret Councils pry,
It is enough, He said, you're surely Dye. (Will)

Eve. But what's this Death? [*Adam*] It is a Curse, which
Loathsome Corruption, through your Blood, instill:
Consume your Limbs, your Face turn black, and foul,
And Fear and Horror seize your Guilty Soul. (Gay)

Eve. How look I now? [*Adam*] All Glorious, Bright, and
Sweet as the Morning, Innocent as Day.

Eve. See *Adam* then your fond Mistake, for I,
Ventur'd the Fruit, and found the Fallacy:
Ventur'd the seeming Threatnings of dark Fate,
Not out of Pride, but Dear, to make thee Great.

Adam. Eat of the Fruit, which in the Middle stands,
Not to be Touch'd, by Gods and our Commands?

Eve. I eat the Fruit, If Faith your Eyes you'll give,
You see I'm Fair, and Innocent, and live.
Nay, my enlarged Soul, you see, aspires,
Cherish'd and fed with much Diviner Fires.
'Tis on the wing, I hate my earthly Clod,
And onely stay, to make Thee too, a God.
This is the Fruit which God, and Angels eat,
This is the great *Ambrosia*, Heavenly Meat.

D

The

The Tree which Knowledge gives, and that which can
Make an Immortal God, of Noble Man.

God therefore hath Forbid'n, well did he know,
Eating this Fruit, we'd scorn to dwell below,
Claiming Celestial Thrones, there'd be no Ods,
We also should be numbred 'mongst the Gods.

He fright'ned us with dreadful Death, alone
To keep off Rivals, from his Sacred Throne.

And would persuade the meanness of our Birth;
Pretending you was Made of common Earth,

When 'twas of heav'nly Seed, which fell below,
And will aspire, when It begins to know.

And I Made of a Bone, but had you been
Awake, it might confirm my Birth so mean.

Then Taste, Bold Man, and grow a God like me,
Taste, and for ever Great, and Glorious be.

You'll cease to be a Gard'ner here, and fly
On marbled Clouds, above the Rarry Sky.

Tread the arch'd Roofs of Heav'n, resurgent, bright,
VVith Raptures, and ineffable Delight.

The Spheres, in ravish'd Notes, will sound your Praise,
Your Youth be as Immortal, as your Days;

Angels, to You, will Hallelujahs sing,
And May continue, with eternal Spring.

VVisdom will flow like the unbounded Main,
And sacred Raptures, from your pregnant Brain.

Mir'ads

Mir'ads of Cherubins attend your Crown,
 And the high-sounding Sphears with Echo's drown.
 Command the Magazines of Hail and Snow,
 Send as you please your Thunderbolts below.
 Whilst Heav'n and Earth Obey your sacred Nod:
 And thus you'll grow a perfect Glorious God.

(Great,

Adam. Your Soul seems strang'ly inspir'd with news so
 And you already out of reach of Fate.
 But how can you retard your Heav'nly Joy,
 And with dull Earth, your soaring Spirit cloy?

Eve. Crown of my Glory, Soul of my Delight,
 Who has to all m' Enjoyments, Truest Right:
 For whom at first I ventur'd Soul, and All,
 To raise Thee, or secure Thee from a Fall:
 The cause of my Delaying's only This,
 To take Thee with me to those Flouds of Bliss.
 I should a stranger to those Joys appear,
 Nor'd Heav'n be Heav'n, and Dearest thou not there.

Adam. Of such great Kindness, Constancy and Love,
 None can be capable, but Souls above.
 Such Raptures show a Mind inspir'd from Heav'n.
 Her Face more Bright and charming Looks, and then
 Her spotless Soul most innocent appears,
 So far from Death, she seems not toucht with fears.
 Besides, my wife Creator, thought fit She,
 A Helper should, as well as Comfort be.

D 2

Perhaps

Perhaps indulgent Heav'n, design'd in this,
 By Her to help me to th' Eternal Bliss.
 I'll venture on it, but say, should I Dye?

Eve; You see a Precedent before your Eye:
 Then quickly Taste, the Tree is fresh and green,
 At Night 't may Dye, and never more be seen.

This said, his trembling Hands, the fatal Meat
 She gave, and with Embraces forc'd to Eat:
 His Eyes as soon are op'ed, up he starts,
 His Soul seems struck, and pierc'd with thousand Darts.
 A shiv'ring seizes all his Limbs, His Face
 Looks Pale, and Black with Sadness, and Disgrace.
 Heav'ns former Kindnesses his Soul upbraid:
 Whilst to the VVorlds Great Murd'rer thus he said:

Hah *Eve*! is this Your Zeal to me, and Love?
 Is this Your Heav'n, and Happiness Above?
 These the effects of your Embraces, while
 My cheated Heart was charmed with a smile?
 Is this the hazard of your Soul, for me?
 Is this your Faith, and Truth, and Constancy?
 Hah VVom n! and is this your Company?
 Better Companions much were Beasts, for then
 I might not 'ave seen a cursed Race of Men.
 I was all Happiness before your Birth,
 Enjoy'd with Pleasure all the spacious Earth;
 All Creatures Honesty, with Faith repaid,
 Nothing in Nature false, till You was made.

Those

Those Blissful Days have left me now forlorn,
 Betray'd by Her, who from my Side was Born;
 So near my Heart, and yet so false to prove?
 So treach'rous to such Constancy of Love.
 Nor am I only ruin'd to your shame,
 But future Worlds will Curse your Blasted Name.

O! for thy sake, that Mankind ne're had Bin,
 Nor Earth, polluted with so gross a Sin:
 Or that my Body would to Atomes turn,
 Rather than still to Live, and still to Mourn.
 My days must now draw Out in tedious Grief,
 Nor anger'd Heav'n, will stoop to give Relief:
 No Never, Never, Can I look for more
 Heav'n's Cheering Smiles, and Favours as before.
 But still in some dark Grove's obscurest VValk,
 VVith Melancholy Sadness, ever stalk,
 Till to my former Earth, I turn; and go,
 VVith Sorrow to th' Infernal Shades below.

This said, the awful roaring Thunder broke;
 The trembling Heav'ns, and thus th' Eternal spoke;
 VVhere art Thou Man? [Adam.] I found my self Undon,
 And to the Thickets for a shelter Run,
 To Hide from thy Just VVrath, Great God, for She:
 Thou Gavest, Tempt'd me to the fatal Tree.
 Said God: And since you'l condescend to Hear,
 Your Subject Creature, henceforth shall you Tear
 The Rocky Earth, with Pain, and Sweaty Brow:
 And Thorns and Thistles ev'ry where shall grow.

But

But thou, O Woman! since thou dar'st Disgrace,
 Our Noble Image, and our Godlike Race:
 To Tempt Beloved Man, his Faith to stain,
 Thou shalt indure intolerable pain,
 Thy Pleasure shall be dearly bought, for when
 We please to Multiply our stock of Men:
 As often as thou giv'st a Being Breath,
 So often shalt thou feel the Pangs of Death.
 And since your mean Posterious Birth could not,
 Keep your Presumptuous Mind, from such a Plot:
 Know 'tis our Pleasure, Ratifi'd in Heav'n,
 Strickest Obedience you shall pay to Men.
 All your desires, in his just Pow'r shall rest,
 To suffer, as his Judgment thinks it best.
 'Tis our Command, who Grasp the Y Worlds great Ball,
 That Man shall be the Sov'rain Lord of all.

But Man, we'll nere forget our former Love,
 VVhich in the midst of Judgment still does move;
 I'll send my Son, who though a Deity,
 Shall suffer Deaths severest Pangs for Thee:
 Taking thy Shape, and Sex upon him, thus
 As thou the Lively Image bear'st of Us,
 One VVoman too we'll Honour, from the Earth,
 VVhose Heav'n toucht VVomb, shall give this Saviour
 And thus we will renew our League with Man, 1 (Birth)
 And give him Heav'n, although here but a Son;

He spoke, the Heav'ns with Holy Anthems sound,
 Repeating Echoes, Sacred Noises Drown.

All

All places with **Mans Happiness do Ring**;
 VVhilst all the **Hells of Heav'n do Hallelujahs Sing.**

Thus **Man** again resumes his **Glory**,
 The Blessings he enjoy'd before the Fall.
 Looking on *Eve*, by whom he was betray'd,
 To future Worlds, this Caveat left, and say'd;

Take heed Posterity, and Learn from Me,
 What dangerous Treach'rys in false VVomen be.
 Secure your selves by Countermining Arts,
 Lest they blow up, or else betray your Hearts.
 Take heed, for when, like Crocodiles, their Tears
 Do gently Fall, then's greatest cause of Fears:
 Then their deceitful Hearts design a Prey,
 And in the midst of seeming pity Slay.
 And if they Charm you once within their Pow'r,
 They'll sweetly Sing, like Syrens, to Devour.

That Pride which cast down *Lucifer* from Heav'n,
 And was by Foolish *Eve* renew'd again,
 VVill ever in depraved VVoman Reign.
 Nor their Ambirion, shall whole VVorlds suffice,
 Nay Hell as soon be Glutted, as their Eyes:
 Through Blood and Sacrilege, 'twill make its way,
 And be as Violent as the Raging Sea.
 They 'll long for things because they are deny'd,
 To shew their Folly's equal with their Pride:
 Excepting where some mischiefs the intent,
 Then VVomans sharper VVit, does Mans prevent;

Their

All places where I have been, I have found
VVith all the world, I have been found
Take heed (my future Sons) or you too late,
VVith dear Experience, buy your Heavy Fate,
The Blessings he enjoy'd before the Fall,
Looking on Eve, by whom he was betray'd,
To future Worlds, this Cautell left, and say'd;

Take heed Possessors, and I earn from Me,
What dangerous Treachery in false Women be,
Secure your selves by Confining Aids,

Let them blow up, or else betray your Hearts
Take heed, for when like Crocodiles, their Tears
Do gently Fall, their greatest cause of Fears;
Then their deceitful Hearts begin a Prey,
And in the midst of seeming pity slay,
And if they Charm you once within their Pow'r,
They'll sweetly sing, like Sirens, to Devour.

That Pride which cast down I saw from Heav'n,
And was by Foolsish Envy down again,
I'll ever in-debarr'd VVoman Reign,
Nor their Ambition, shall whole VVorlds suffice,
Nay, All as soon be Gloried, as their Eyes:

And be as Violent as the raging Sea,
I'll long for things because they are deny'd;
To show their Folly's equal with their Pride;
Exceeding where some murther the intent,
Then VVoman shalper VVill does Mans prevent;

Ther